

THE
EPISTAXIS
1920



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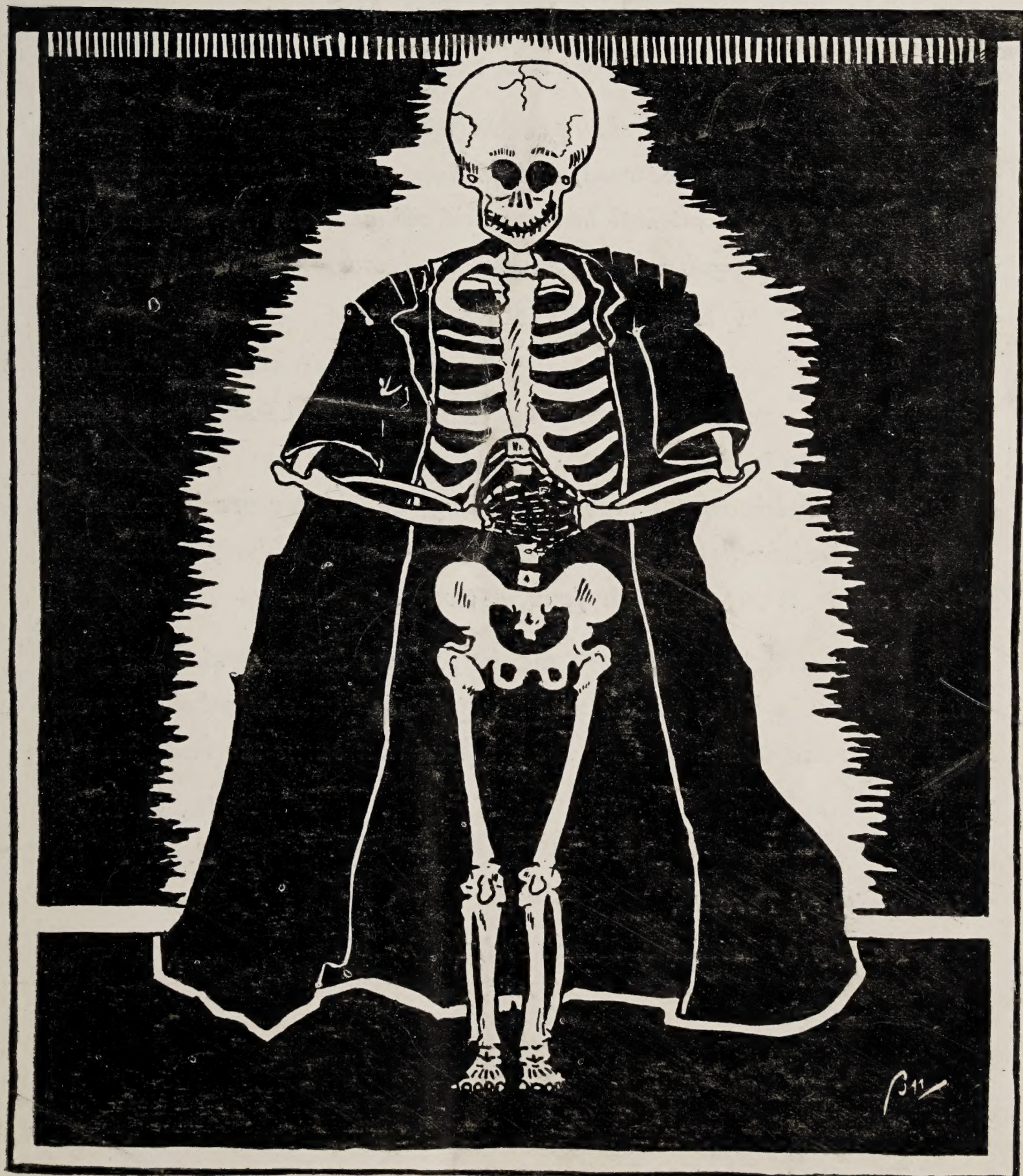
MAKE OUR STORE A RENDEZVOUS

McAINSH & CO., Limited

4-5 College St., Toronto

This Edition of
EPISTAXIS

is respectfully dedicated to
JOHN BARLEYCORN, M.D.
and to all of his bereaved mourners
May his spirit invade you all



DEAR READER,—

It was with a great deal of trepidation that we decided to establish a precedent and append a preface to this de-luxe edition of Epistaxis. Many of you will consider it "swank." Bear with us for a moment and we will endeavour to justify ourselves.

In the first place, if this effusion meets with the general fate of Prefaces, it will never be read, and no harm will be done; secondly, we are making a feeble attempt to raise this edition from the position of a pamphlet to the dignity of a publication. However well we have succeeded remains with you, fair reader.

Those of you who peruse the following pages with a critical air, remember! if you have been honoured with a personal mention, no malice has been intended; if you see, in print, something from your own pen laugh loud and hearty, it may be catching; and if you are in neither of these categories; that is, neither subjectively nor objectively instrumental in its construction; it is your fault, not ours.

Lastly, accept our sincere thanks for any honest praise and pray, those of you "who will damn with slight praise," understand that we also have term exams and "uneasy lies the head that burns the midnight oil."

W. E. B.

E. G. F.

University of Toronto,

Faculty of Medicine, March 3rd, 1920.

EPISTAXIS

MARCH 3 and 4

1920

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THE EPISTAXIS

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EXPERIENCES WITH A STETHOSCOPE

It had long been my ambition to own that nice looking instrument with which the Doctor used to impale his ears when he could no further endure the noise that baby used to make after swallowing mother's button-hook or father's back stud.

So having some cash that I had saved by telling my girl that all the seats at the Royal had been sold out and taking her to the Allen, I hastened joyfully down to Mr. Hartz' legalized Student-Robbing Emporium. In a tone that I fondly imagined no one with less than fourteen years' experience could have employed I asked for a *cystoscope*. The clerk's offering hardly seemed to meet with my expectations and only after long explanation did the wretchedly incompetent fool understand what I wanted. I chose a nice red-rubbered one to match my tie.

Next morning I flashed it out and began operations. I was delayed a short time by not taking off that quite superfluous plate from the end which with apparent asininity I overlooked.

I started listening for the heart sounds but to my horror I heard *nothing at all*. I took the instrument off my patient and examined it thoroughly, testing the elasticity of the rubber and making other technical adjustments. Then I tried again.

To my great joy, I heard a low rumbling sound. Ah! the wonder of it! to be able to hear that marvellous organ working and throbbing like a perfectly oiled machine. But ye gods! *it suddenly stopped* and though I listened in an agony of suspense it was as quiet as the grave for one,—two—three whole minutes!

It started again as suddenly as it had stopped, but unfortunately I discovered that what I had heard was really the patient talking.

Nothing daunted, I tried again, pressing it fiercely, and I listened with all my attention. Time after time I thought I had succeeded in eliciting the hoped-for sounds, but, alas, I heard only S-th-rl-nd's boots scraping on the bed; D-nc-n scratching himself; McC-rt-r yawning; all of which sounds were conveyed to my ears with unnatural intensity. Still I pressed on until at last a great crashing sound convinced me of success.

To my horror I had pushed in one of my patient's ribs!!

BILL AT THE MED AT HOME.

Dere Mable,—

Yu'll be supprised wen I tell you that I'm in Sassiety now. It didn't take them long to find me out, Mable, they recognized my reel worth, that's me all over Mable, so they made me ticket collekter at the door.

You wont kno what a "At Home" is Mable and its too tecknickle for you to understand and all I will say is that it not "at Home." That's a joke, Mable. It is helld in Heart House which is another joke becawse it is really Hart House. Tell that one to your Pa. Is his liver better?

Well Mable you should have seen the Janes (that's college slang for girls,) and how they was dresst. Honestly I never saw so much gurl in so little dress before. But they didn't mind what peepul thot. I tried to get dances with sum of them but the men said, "they was all filled up." They didn't look it untill they started to dance and then I wundered where they got it. Of course, Mabel I didn't *want* to dance with them so don't get jealous but I saw how embarasd they lookt and knew that nobody in their right senses would want to dance with them so I wanted to help them out and give them a good time, unselfish, that's me all over.

Then we went into supper and they had jellied chicken, it's a good way to have chicken because it's easy to divide it into so many helpings. After eating the cabbage on my plate I found the chicken hiding under it and then ate it. could only eat my own because nobody left any. No manners, Mable.

Well Mable you should ought to see me in a swaller-tail (slang for soup and fish) which I barrowd. It would have bien better if the bottom of my vest had met the top of my pants but I didn't care. Hoping you are the same.

Yours at Home,

BILL.

* * *

SCRATCH AS CATS CAN

Two cats, who had fallen out, decided to have a duel. "Before we proceed," said one, "let us have a clear understanding."

"What now?" asked the other.

"Is this a duel to the death?" asked the first cat, "or shall we have a world series and make it the best five lives out of nine?"

A MORNING with SAMUEL PEPYS
From His Diary.

March 3rd, 1670.

Up mighty betimes, my head being full of much pathological discourse the night before, all of which makes me uncommon sorry for myself, the examinations being not far distant.

To the Great Hall for breakfast at eight fifty-five of the clock, myself having a weekly meal ticket or I would have been persuaded to have eaten a bar or two of chocolate to stay me over until noon.

For the first course we had a dish of cornflakes, very tasty, made after the receipt of a certain Doctor Kellogg, the which I will set down in this place being highly curious.

Take two boards of fresh pine, and scrape with a spoke-shave until tired. Wash in a solution of gum arabic, not too strong; bake in a hot oven for a quarter of an hour, and serve with a little sugar and a like quantity of thin milk.

This makes a delicious dish and an excellent stimulant for a hard-worked brain.

For the second course, a plate of scrambled eggs mixed with small pieces of dried pig and basted with goose-grease, the like of which I have never tasted before except in the estaminets of France.

I am mighty resolved to give the cook thirty shillings for that receipt so that I may burn it.

For the third course rolls, fresh and very sweet, butter made after the manner described by one, a Mr. Oleo, and a jam concocted from the juices of the turnip, the vegetable marrow, and other delectable fruits.

Up from the table much satisfied and resolved to buy weekly meal tickets for the rest of the term, albeit I had some long argument with the attendant at the door, who held that I had one punch too many on my ticket.

This vexed me exceedingly, but I tossed him half a crown lest he detect me too often.

Then to the hospital, there to do much thumping and drawing upon the patients, poor wretches, who cannot fathom our peculiar methods.

This sport pleases me not much as I am little skilled in it, so in a few minutes to the basement to smoke a cigarette, which I enjoyed immensely, only having had three already to-day.

Upstairs again to see some who had wounds and broken limbs. Poor fools,

they should take greater care where they walk.

Into one of the small rooms with a doctor who writes strange words on a blackboard. This interests me but little, so I make up a few minutes sleep which I had lost the night before owing to my pathological discussion.

I believe I am a great favorite with the physicians as I am so skillful and full of repartee.

They are contemplating whether they will give me my degree without examination.

But they have no need for to worry: I have a mind to study Christian Science—it is much easier.

* * *

ODE TO THE FRESHETTES

(Published by Request)

Little girl, you look so small,
Don't you wear no clothes at all?
Don't you wear no shimmy-shirt?
Don't you wear no petty skirt?
Just your corsets and your hose,
Are those all your underclothes?
Little girl, you look so slight,
When I see you in the light,
With your skirts cut rather high,
Won't you catch a cold and die?
Ain't you 'fraid to show your calf?
It must make the fellows laugh.
Little girl, what is the cause
Why your clothes are made of gauze?
Don't you wear no undervest
When you go out fully dressed?
Do you like those peek-a-boos
'Stead of normal underclothes?
Little girl, your 'spenders show
When the sunlight plays on you;
I can see your tinted flesh
Through your thinnest gown of mesh.
Is it modest do you 'spose
Not to wear no underclothes?
Little girl, I see your chest
'Cause you go around half dressed;
Yes, I see way past your throat
To a region most remote;
'Taint my fault now, don't suppose,
Why not wear some underclothes?
Little girl, your sox has shoals
Of those little tiny holes;
Why you want to show your limb,
I don't know—is it a whim?
Do you want to catch the eye,
Of each fellow passing by?
Little girl, where is the charm
In your long uncovered arm?
In the V behind your neck?
Is it for the birds to peck?
Little girl, I tell you those
Ain't so nice as underclothes.
Little girl, now listen here,
You would be just twice as dear

If you'd cover up your charms
Neck, back, legs and both your arms,
I would take you to some shows,
If you'd wear some underclothes.
Little girl, your mystery,
Luring charms and modesty
Is what makes us fellows keen
To possess a little queen
But no lover—goodness knows—
Wants a girl “sans” underclothes
S'pose I wandered down the streets
With a loin cloth round my feet;
S'pose I wore some harem pants,
Or no skirt like all my aunts,

Or a ringlet through my nose,
They'd arrest me, don't you s'pose?
I wear a coat of mail,
Clothed from head to big toe nail;
I must cover up my form,
Even when the weather's warm;
Can't enjoy the summer throes
'Less I garb in underclothes;
Little girl, take this advice,
And you'll look just twice as nice—
Wear a shimmy, petty-coat,
Closed worked sox—'et aussi l'autre—
Those unspeakable, you see?
There's a charm in lingerie.

DEAR ME!! THERE'S TWO
TICKETS OFF AND I CANT
TELL WHICH IS WHICH —
WELL WHAT'S THE DIFF—
THEY'RE BOTH ABOUT THE
SAME AGE



PROBLEMS AT BURNSIDE

THE BOOK OF ZACCHAEUS

CHAPTERS I. AND II.

1. In the days that are gone and long distant there lived in *the land of Can-da* a man whose name *was* Esau.

2. And he *was* a mighty man in that land, flocks of sheep and *herds* of swine did he have, and his barns were filled with ripe grain—even as the corn of Egypt.

3. Many children did he *also* have; ruddy youths and maidens of blushing *countenance*.

4. Now the name of his firstborn it was Zacchaeus: and Zacchaeus *was* a little man.

5. And it came to pass that Esau called unto Zacchaeus *and said* Come hither my son, I have somewhat to say *unto* thee. And Zacchaeus came boldly unto his father *though* he was sore tempted to get from thence not knowing what his father would *unto* him.

6. For the hands *of* his father were like unto the platters *in which* soup is placed and *they were* hard even as the jawbone of an ass.

7. And many *times* had he walloped Zacchaeus *over the* ear when Zacchaeus had not *done* his bidding.

8. And Esau spake unto Zacchaeus in this wise, saying: My son, thou art little *of stature* and not tall and husky even as thy brethren, in fact as a farmer thou art a *washout*.

9. But since *thou art* fond of learning and spendest *much time* with thy books therefore will I send thee to the city of learning so that thou mayest become a great physician and tend to the wounds and infirmities of them *that are* sick and afflicted.

10. And Zacchaeus was much amazed at these words yet was he greatly pleased for he loved not to soil his hands as did the sons *of toil* nor did he love the odor *which ariseth* from the *barnyard* when the sun is high in the heavens.

11. So it came *to pass* that on one day Zacchaeus gathered together his raiment and did take leave of his father and of his mother *and of his* brethren *and of his sister* and of his betrothed and of the cat and came until the city of learning.

12. And the name *of that* city was the city of the Church (for though there were *within* it many temples whither the people did gather together for to worship: yet was *there only* one Church: and he did rule *the city* with a rod of iron for many years).

13. And in due time did Zacchaeus come *to the* temples of wisdom and did sit *at the feet* of the wise men and did hear their words.

14. Then did Zacchaeus become a in the temples of wisdom.

15. And it came to pass that after the space of many *months* there was a large *multitude* gathered together in the Great Temple for it was *the night* of the Daffydil.

16. And on this night once in every year did the people come *for* to see the jesters of the temples of healing do many foolish deeds.

17. Now Zacchaeus was *one of the* jesters and he did say unto himself: How now have I not suffered in very deed *at the hand* of the wise men of the temples for the past months? Observe me now thou son of a goat for I will repay them in good *measure* (which being interpreted is "Watch me kid, I'll get them yet. R.V.")

18. And Zacchaeus did dress himself *like unto* a maiden and did paint his cheeks even as do the *virgins* of Piccadilly.

19. Then did Zacchaeus place beneath his belt some strong *waters* and did go onto the rostrum before the multitude.

20. And he did make fun at the wise *men* and did laugh *them* to scorn.

21. And the wise *men* outwardly *did* appear to be pleased but inwardly did their hearts harden against the youth, and they spake among themselves *saying*,

22. "Lo, what manner of man is this *that he* doth not fear us. Wist he not that there cometh *a day* of examination which is *the day* of judgment?"

23. And Zacchaeus knew not what was in their hearts and moreover he was much pleased at the mirth of the many scribes of the temples of wisdom.

24. And he said *unto himself* *Ish ka* Bible (which being interpreted meaneth I should worry), for am I not well disguised *that* the wise men do not know me?

25. And when Zacchaeus had ceased his jesting and was sat *in the temple* to see the other jesters he did take *in his hand* a scroll of parchment which lay on his seat, and did read.

26. And as he read a great fear came *upon him* and he did tremble even as the aspen leaf, and anguish *crept into* his very soul.

27. Then did he look towards the wise men whom he had mocked.

28. And in their hands were scrolls like unto that which Zacchaeus *had read*, and their faces were bright with joy even as the moon when it is full.

29. And they pointed to the scrolls and wagged *their* heads one to the other with great exultation.

30. For on the scrolls were written the names of them that had jested and scoffed and the manner of *their* disguise.

31. And the wise men *spake* among themselves saying Praise be to heaven for *now* is this child of an ass delivered into *our* hands.

32. And Zacchaeus overheard these things and did cry out saying Woe unto me for now am I most certainly

plucked; better were it for me that I had had a millstone hanged around my neck and had been *cast* into the lake than that I *should* have mocked one of these wise men.

33. And having said these things, Zacchaeus took an overdose of *morphine* and gave up *the ghost*.

34. And the rest of the acts of Zacchaeus and all *that he* did behold are they not *written* in the book of the chronicles of Epistasis.

[Recent excavations by that eminent archæologist, Esau Gorgonzola Flemingses, have placed this priceless script at our disposal. The date of its conception is uncertain but from internal evidences one can readily judge of its antiquity.—Ed.]



The question still remains are they black cats with white spots or white cats with black spots.

ODE

O phenolphthalein,
Mild acceleration of the wave peristaltic,
And conductor of metabolic activity,
May thy passage through life ever be
Soft and comfortable.

The African Golf Club held their first meeting of this year in the Pathological Building on February 15th.

There was an interesting controversy over an osteological phenomenon which one member exhibited, consisting of two bones which had rather unique surface markings, and showed preternatural mobility. A silver collection was taken up, to which several responded liberally.

* * *

QUININE COCKTAILS

First Invalid—Hello, old man, what's your ailment?

Second Invalid—Ague; what's yours?

First Invalid—Same thing.

Second Invalid—Good; let's shake for the drinks.

TO C. C. G.

You may educate the Art's Men,
You may even culture School,
You may fine them till their broke, then
You may make them stick to rule.
But the Meds, they scorn their penalty,
They'll pay their fines (perhaps),
But as long as they're a Faculty
They'll always have their scraps.
—J. M.

* * *

OUR TEACHERS

One year ago to-day . . .
The Typhoid Pilot,
Why!!
Isolate, quarantine and notify.
Am I going too fast?
At the autopsy I found . . .
Cholecystitis,
A full skin dose,
Two big coughs.

* * *

MABEE HE WILL

I've trephined at least a thousand skulls
And set at least five hundred fractures,
But before I die
I fain would try
To palpate "Peyer's Patches."

Programme

Overture—

2 T 3 PRESENTS

“MEMORIES OF 2 T 3”

Address—N. H. RUSSELLPresident Medical Society

2 T 4 PRESENTS

“THE FAKE VENTRILOQUIST”

THE MEDICAL MALE QUARTETTE

G. M. Pennock H. G. Fowler J. W. Switzer DeW. S. Puffer, B.A.

2 T 5 PRESENTS

“BRINGING HOME THE BACON”

IMPERSONATIONJ. Stover

THE DAFFYDIL COMMITTEE PRESENTS

“AN AUTOCRATIC AUTOPSY”

THE HANLEY-SINCLAIR QUARTETTE

2 T 1 PRESENTS

“YOU NEVER KNOW YOU KNOW”

Overture—

2 T 2 PRESENTS

“THE DOCTOR’S DAUGHTERS”

Second Year Presents

"MEMORIES OF 2T3"

A Revue in Seven Scenes

By G. E. Pauley

CAST

The Doctor H. D. Magerley
Porter E. S. Anderson
Actors—Messrs. Drummond, L. L.
Henry, Brewster, Gilbertson, Dale,
O'Donnell, S. G. Ross, Hunt, L.
Orechkin and others.

SYNOPSIS

As the title suggests, this is a witty revue of various incidents which have taken place during the still young life of 2T3, and is replete with curious reminiscences.

* * *

First Year (2T4) Presents

"THE FAKE VENTRILOQUIST"

By S. S. English

CAST

The Professor S. S. English
The Assistant T. St. C. Douglas
The Soloist J. B. Sinnott
Dolls—Messrs. Wyndham, Chisholm,
Devins, Code, Madoo and Brown.

SYNOPSIS

The stunt is a fake ventriloquist act by the all-star cast of 2T4 under the leadership of the renowned Professor English, lately returned from a trip overseas, where he played before the crowned and uncrowned heads of Europe. He is ably assisted by Mr. Douglas, also a ventriloquist of no mean repute.

* * *

The First Year (2T5) Presents

"BRINGING HOME THE BACON"

A Pantomime in One Act and Two Scenes.

By H. W. Gregory.

CAST

Dr. Fixem, a six-year man
..... E. R. Westman
Dr. Drapem, a five-year man
..... H. W. Gregory
Undertaker R. F. Allin
and Messrs. Fielden, Clarke, Harper,
and Ormerod.

SYNOPSIS

This skit is a little farce in which one is enabled to see firstly the result of the work of a six-year graduate in medicine, and, secondly, that of a man who only took a five-year course.

Which one has made the better doctor we leave you to judge.

The Daffydil Committee

presents

"AN AUTOCRATIC AUTOPSY"

A Farce in One Act.

The following actors impersonate various members of the faculty, etc.:

Messrs. Alex. McKay, B.A.
Hugh Balfe.
F. P. Lloyd, M.A.
A. P. Lee.
A. B. McCarter.
G. Chambers.
H. McCart.
J. Davis.

SYNOPSIS

This skit, which is given by members of the two senior years, gives a ridiculous and ludicrous representation of a post mortem examination of a patient. Many of the professors are present to witness this investigation into a case which has baffled the brightest intellects of the profession. When the autopsy is finished these "brightest intellects" are just as wise as and no wiser than they were prior to its commencement.

* * *

Fourth Year Presents

"YOU NEVER KNOW YOU KNOW"

Responsible for the agony, R. M. Jewell

PERSONS

Diablo Steadall A. M. Carlisle
Fi Fi, an artist's model—takes advantage of leap year.....
..... W. W. Woodhouse
Patrick O'Shamus, cop..... J. A. Newhouse
Ebenezer Pepperleight, the rector.....
..... H. G. Clark
Van Loo, Sergeant W. B. Edmunds
Prisoners—

Ko Ko, a nut J. A. Graham
Golgatha Gingham, hard boiled
..... R. H. Middleton
La Glu, a crook..... A. S. Malcolmson
Ras Puddin, an old rationed
friend J. W. Switzer
Hambonio Pipp, has it..... C. E. Tipping
sible stage W. C. Atwell
Erysipelatis Migrans, shifty.....

..... G. M. Pennock
Pianist D. C. Boston
Drummer W. F. Charteris
Scene I—Night, Rue de la Paix.
Scene II—Next Day.
Scene III—

By E. G. Fleming and S. Shaul.

..... A. H. Graham
The Soloist J. A. Sinnott
Actors—Messrs. Drummond, Henry,
Buckley, Radcliffe, Hunt, G. Ross,
S. Oreshkin, Gilbertson, Dale and
Brewster.

Third Year Presents

"THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTERS"

A Farce in One Act

By E. G. Fleming and S. Shaul.

CHARACTERS

In order of their appearance
Head Waiter, a stomachic—R. D. Blott
Waiter, a dessicant V. S. Grigg
Cook, a parasiticide W. Wilson
Attendant, an alterative..... F. R. Griffin
Dr. L. K. Hall, a cholagogue.....

..... R. H. Morris
Lord Splutterfuss-Jones, a depres-
sant E. G. Fleming

Pussyfoot Bulldose, Esq., an
escharotic W. R. Riddell

Professor I. B. Rottenfeller, a
sternutatory S. Shaul

Ethyl L. K. Hall, a stimulant.....
..... T. L. Boyes

Mr. Patrick Murphy, a sialagogue
..... H. H. Graham

Methyl L. K. Hall, a diaphoretic
..... W. S. Palmer

Pianist—C. G. Smith, a soporific.

SYNOPSIS

Dr. L. K. Hall, a physician of some prominence, has two daughters, the elder Methyl, and the younger Ethyl. It is his opinion that it is high time that Methyl, who pretends to be but eighteen years of age, should get married and, with this object in view, he plans for her a little "coming out" party, in the nature of a dinner, to be held in a local restaurant.

The guests number four, and include a "smart-aleck" Yankee prohibitionist, a Jewish inventor, a young Canadian of Irish lineage and spirituous preferences and a wealthy English nobleman of questionable intellectual capacity: he is the fish for which the doctor is angling.

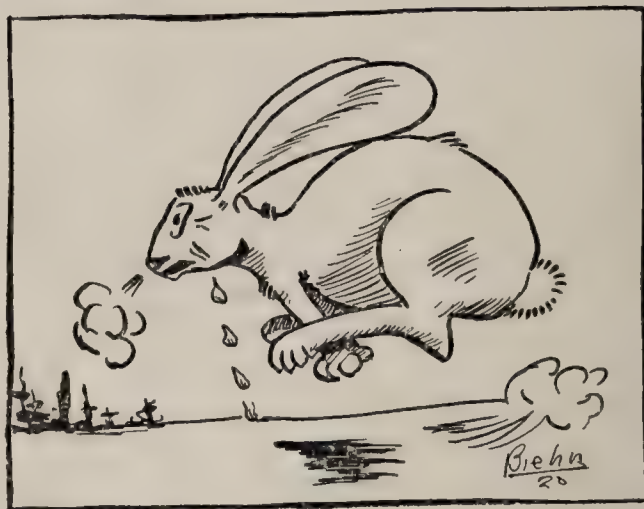
During the evening, however, the Englishman shows a decided preference for Ethyl, to the great discomfiture of Methyl and her father.

* * *

Mary had a little wart
Upon her little toe,
And everywhere that Mary went
The wart it used to go.

or, speaking more lucidly—

Mary ———, a well developed, well nourished white female, complained of a benign tumor of the dermis of the superior surface of the proximal phalanx of the fifth pedal digit near the meta-tarso phalangeal arthrosis. This hyperplasia of the papillæ of the corium, etiologically due to a proliferation of the polymorpholeucocytes habitually accompanied the aforesaid female. Selah!



Hell! There's going to be another
Freshman class this fall.

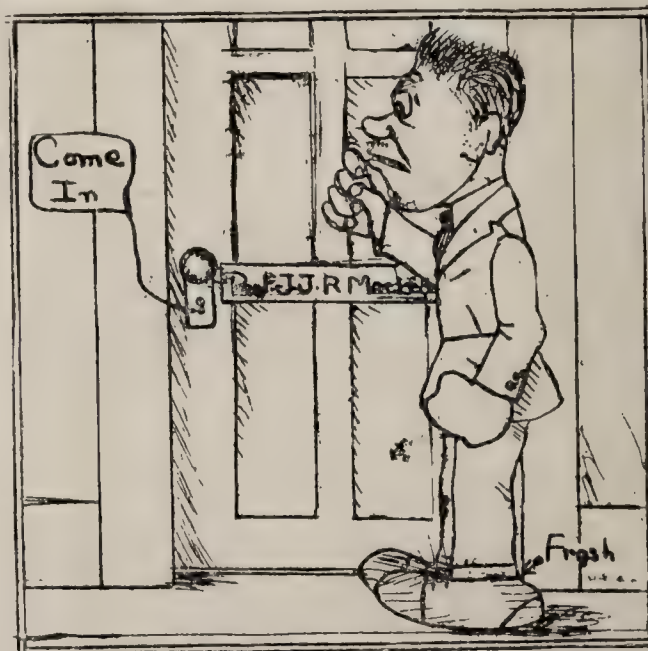
* * *

A Third Year Med was arrested by a constable near the Pathological Building last week and charged with B. O. T. A. A large bottle was found in his possession. On closer examination of the "crook" the constable became markedly cyanosed, showed signs of dyspnoea and finally sloughed off. The case was dismissed.

* * *

HIGH VELOCITY

The Fourth Year man who recently attempted to take down one of Dr. Imrie's lectures is reported convalescent. The strain of writing fifty-seven pages of notes and emptying two fountain pens in twenty minutes resulted in collapse, monoplegia, glycosuria and albuminuria.



When a fellow needs a friend.

A FABLE IN SLANG

TWO STEWDS AND A MORAL

(With apologies to George Ade)

Once upon a time there were two Stewdents in the same clinic. The Doc who Shot the Gab every morning at Nine Bells was Some Punkins, but he was keen on work.

The First Stewed shot the Gab Right Back at the Doc and was on the Job all the time. The other Stewed was a Fly Guy. He was a Sport and knew the difference between a Royal Flush and a Natural. He went to all the games and Hit the High Spots, while the first Gink Burnt the Midnight Oil. The first one Gave the patients the Once-over while the Sporty Fellow kept his Glimmers on the nurses. Old Grub learnt a lot of Medicine but he missed a Lot of Life.

The Doc said that he would make a Name for Himself while the second Boob would End in Jail.

They both Got the Sheepskin and started in to make their Way. The Guy who had Lived had met a Lot of the Boys and knew Everybody worth while. He won a Pile on the Horses and bought out a Rich Practise and married the Coal King's only daughter.

The stewdious Stewed had Spoiled his Eyes and wore ugly glasses and was an Old Timer. He lived in a Hall Bedroom and wrote Articles which were never paid for. After a while he married his Landlady's Daughter and she Took in Washing.

Moral: As ye shew so shall we also peep.

* * *

THE RIGHT ANSWER

A temperance orator was in the habit of holding forth in a workman's hall, and was constantly being interrupted.

The next time he lectured in that hall he engaged a prize-fighter to sit in the gallery and keep order. He was contrasting the clean content of home life with the squalor of drunkenness.

"What do we want when we return from our daily toil?" he asked. "What do we desire to ease our burdens, to gladden our hearts, to bring smiles to our lips, and joy to our eyes?"

As the orator paused for breath the prize-fighter shook his fist at the unruly members of the gallery and whispered in a loud undertone:

"Mind, the first bloke what says 'beer' I'll throw outside."—London *Tit-Bits*.

A SUGGESTION FOR a history sheet

Admitted.....19.....

- I. Give your full name and alias.
- II. (a) Where were you born?
(b) If so, why?
- III. (a) Are you married or single or a widower?
(b) Was it an accident?
- IV. How many volunteer sisters did you have before you finally got married.
- V. Have you had any of the following diseases?
(1) Pickled feet.
(2) Housemaid's knee.
(3) Internal baths.
(4) Diver's diseases.
(5) Pernicious dandruff.
- VI. (a) Have you called in your family physician during the last year?
(b) If not, how much do you owe him on the old account?
- VII. Has any competent adviser—other than a bartender—ever given an unfavorable opinion of your physical condition?
- VIII. Do you use intoxicating liquors? If so, state your favorite, with directions for mixing.
- IX. Is your mother-in-law living?
- X. Have you ever used as narcotics opium, morphia, cotton process ether, bay rum, Postum, Karavans, or Listerine, unless prescribed by a magazine or other competent practitioner?
- XI. Do you enjoy good health? If not, what do you enjoy?
- XII. How's your liver?
Died....., 19.....



Prevailing "Frosh" idea of "Susan Grant" of the S.A.C. (Seize all Camera)



ANATOMICAL RESEARCH

SEARCHER—"O-O-O-O-O LOOK! I'VE FOUND A HOLE IN MY TUMMY!"
BURIED PARTY—"HUH! DON'T YOU KNOW? GOD MADE US ALL OUT
OF CLAY AND THEN HE PUT US ON A SHELF TO DRY AND NEXT DAY
HE CAME AROUND AND SAID 'YOU'RE DONE, YOU'RE DONE, AND
YOU'RE DONE.'"

MOTHER GOOSE GETS THE DEANSHIP

Dean Clarke was a Merry Old Soul,
A Merry Old Soul was he,
But he chafed at the ties which held him here,
So he called for his fiddlers three,
"Fiddle me out of this troublesome job, fiddle, and set me free."
The Dean was a very fine fiddler,
And made his fiddlers come up to the scratch,
So they fiddled away for a week and a day,
While Sir Robert lit his pipe with a match.

After twelve long years the Dean gave a sigh,
Winked a wink and twinkled his twinkling eye,
Remarking, "Sir Robert, my work here is done,
The young sprigs must now have their 'place in the sun.'
There are Deans by the dozens in process of making,
And two dozen or more for the job are just aching.
Let them all have a whack and a try for the place,
And hand o'er the prize to the best in the race."
"Yes, yes," said Sir Robert, "this question of Deans
Is not always simple, you don't know what it means,
To stifle ambition, to reduce the swelled heads,
To hunt with the Blues and to run with the Reds,
But just give me time to think it all over,
Before I choose one, to frisk in the clover."

* * *

"WHAT REALLY HAPPENED"

Four and twenty Doctors,
With hopes all geared "on high,"
That they would be selected
To fill the Deanship pie;
But when the pie was opened,
Their hopes were all upset,
Because Sir Robert passed them by
And chose a Suffragette.

GASTRIC ULCER AS SHE IS taught

—Or—

IS THERE NO HOPE?

(A Fantasy in Prose)

Prologue:

It was with the anticipation of a great deal of pleasure that I attended my first lecture on the above subject in my Fourth Year. Leaving the third year my mind remained more than slightly clouded, especially concerning Gastric Ulcer. After listening to the following lecture I well! read for yourself.

“Gastric Ulcer, in my opinion, that is to say, I *think*, though at the same time I must admit that there is much to be said on both sides, pro and con, to and fro and in addition with or without. Before it can be indefinitely settled, however, and until some conclusive word has been uttered, we can only palpitate, speculate, osculate, procrastinate and hesitate. It may be due to the fact that in 1321 it was the fashion to wear watches on chains instead of on the wrist. Then there is the interesting work of Dr. C. D. Looking, which proves that by grafting three fish tails on to a rabbit's left ear it can be held under water exactly 1.263 seconds, Greenwich Time, longer than a shaven Guinea Pig which has the skin you love to touch. Need I add that a fair-haired male with a squint is more than likely to suffer from this dread malady than a dark lady who has never plucked her eyebrows. If the symptoms do *not* disappear in four minutes, palliative treatment consists in removing the tonsils together with the four front teeth; if this should fail remove all the silver coins from the patient's clothes; examine his Bank Balance, and render a neat account.”

A HARD CASE

Second Lieut.—What is your name?

Dusty Buck.—Onyx, sir.

Lieut.—That's a funny name!

Buck.—Yessah! You see, sah, aftah mah dad was daid about a year, ah was bohn an' ah came so onyexpectedly they called me "Onyx."

✻ ✻ ✻ ✻

Who is the tall, dark, dreamy Med man on table No. 3 who would marry the Vamp to-morrow if he only had the money?

Who is that blond Med. of 2T3 who will not say good-night till his lady friend has climbed the fire escape of Queen's Hall?

JAZZERWOCKY

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll.)

(Punch.)

'Twas grillig, and the Jazzlewags
Did glomp and scrimble o'er the
board;

All gladsome were their dazzlerags,
And the loud nigs uproared.

“Beware the Tickle Trot, my son,
The feet that twink, the hands that
clug;

Beware the Shimmy Shake and shun
The thrustful Bunny Hug."

He put his pumpsious shoon on foot,
He bent his knees to slithe and
sprawl.

Till, fagged and flausted by disdoot,
He brooded by the wall.

And, as in broody ease he lay,
The Jazzerwock, with shoulders bare,
Came swiffing through the juggly
fray

And grapped him by the hair.

One, two! One, two! And through and through

The prancing maze they reeled and
pressed,

Till both feet ignored the beat
And woggled with the best.

“And hast thou learnt at last to jazz?
Come, take my arm; my clompish
boy;”

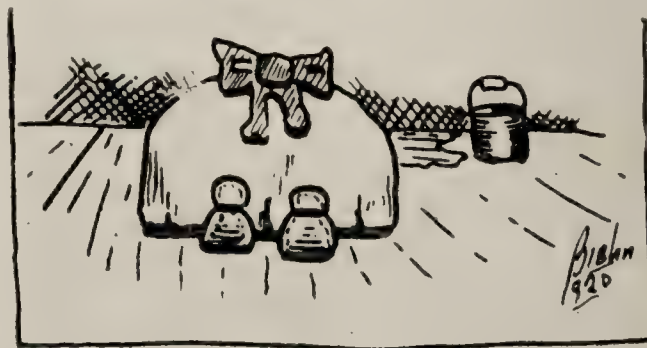
O hectic day! Cheero! Cheeray!
He chwinckled in his joy.

'Twas grillig, and the Jazzlewags
Did glomp and scrimble o'er the
board:

All gladsome were their dazzlerags,
And the loud nigs uproared.

* * *

This year we have heard of la-bor-a-tory, sonti-grade, intest-tie-nal "and what not," but we're going to draw the line at skel-ee-tal.



A. T. G. H. Probationer N.B. Did you ever see one scrubbing a floor.

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Bill Walwyn in kilts?
Miss Harrison embarrassed?
"Hap" Carlisle quietly watching a riot?
"Red" Chambers in a sentimental mood?
Miss Folinsbee on time for lectures?
Jack Graham in serious consultation?
"Cop" Green in swimming?
Fred Haskett in a hurry?
Hepburn as Romeo?
Miss Grady as Juliet?
Alex. Malcolmson excited?
Newhouse tongue-tied?
Tice not chewing gum?

MORE WIT (?)

We are wondering why W. D. G. M. spends his Sundays at T. G. H.

Why does Smitty, of H.S.C., linger in the hall of T.G.H. at noon? Eh! Storer?

Why do girls leave home? Ask Alex. Malcolmson.

Tell Bill Crehan a story and he'll believe it.

Who's the man that "flushes" during Howland's lectures on Emotions?—W. S. D.

"Do you walk much on your feet?"—Dr. Dale. What else would she walk on?

J. W. Tice, the greatest exponent of the Elephant Glide the world has ever known.

We see Bulmer spends a lot of time at St. M. H.

We hear Stover has applied for a bell hop's job at the H.S.C.

Pedley wasn't at the dance. Couldn't he get the P-R-I-C-E?

Major G— W—n.—Now, gentlemen, you understand that sister here is sterile, and I'm the dirty nurse.

We understand that Major Walwyn is opening a tea room in the South House.

We have been wondering why a foxy young man of the 4th Year does not get a pair of spectacles to match his hair.

* * *

F. J. T.—Well, how about a hundred up instead of this bum lecture?

Who is the member of Clinic ii. who recommended the soothing solace of croton oil for burns?

The cop says there are worse things than being sick when the wife's away—so long as you don't get lonesome.

Was it a fire sale that made Chrsties so popular with some members of the Fourth Year? You must note we have made no mention of spats.

Where did Bill E. get the gunboats?

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

If Nodwell thinks it's a *trap*?
If R. H. McDonald ever takes notes?
If Griffin and Wilson can tame wild wimmin?
If Fleming has not been leading a *gay* life of late?
If Perfect smokes Virginia creeper in that new pipe of his?
If Cummings is always going to make Dr. Oille pay for his complimentary dance tickets?
If the *Oak* is Merritt's favorite tree?
If Byers still makes that weekly call on his "aunt"?
If Running ever did?
If Simpson is not troubled with insomnia?
If Carson visited a fire sale recently?
When Morgan and Spence are going to buy cigarettes for the class?
If O'Leary is ever going to get his peg leg oiled?
If Forrest found that G.W.V.A. button he wears?
If that crack at Dunning in last year's Epistaxis was not entirely unwarranted?

* * *

Prof. Bensley: Gentlemen, you know what a bat is like:

You've all heard the noise of a bat.

First Year Man: (Recently back from Leicester Square).

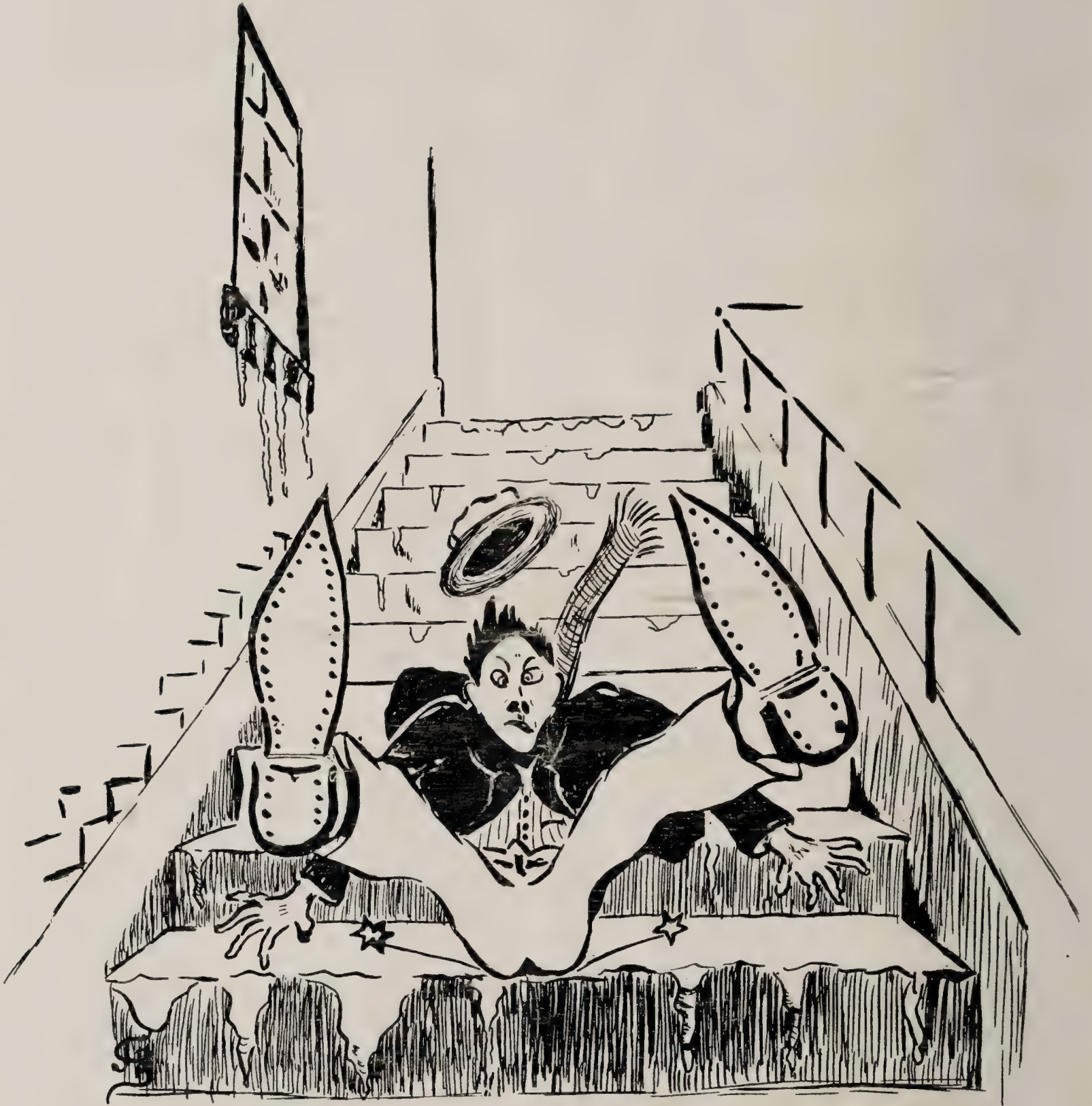
"Hello, Canada!!"

"Ask the man that owns one."



Yes. Six years is a long course.

We'll say so—we've tried them.



Medical Student (Ex-Flight Cadet R.A.F.) testing the steps at the south-east corner of the Medical Building—"B-b-b-bit 'b-b-bum-bumpy' this morning."

LITTLE WILLIE'S NOTE BOOK
DOCKTERS

Dokters are men who ware beerds and gray pants and kum wen you are sik. Some wimmin are dokters but they aint much good bekause they don't ware beards or etsetra. All they do is look at yure tung and ask yure muther quesstuns that sownd funny and when you say them yu get a crack sumplace. Then they say "I wont hert you my littel man," which they always do.

Medesin is stuff dokters gives to sic peepul and it always is nasty. They give it weather they no what is the mater or not wich prooves that anyone can be a dokter if he only had the nerv.

Wenever you hav a dockter you can stay home frum skool wich makes them sumtimes useful, but they don't know as much as mothers especially gran-mothers.

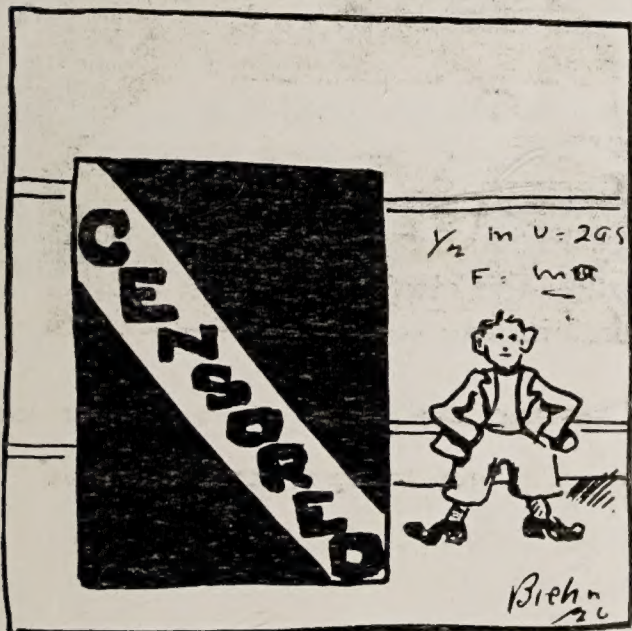
Pa said all dokters are quacks but I never heard them.

Dokters also bring babies and ushully in the nite because who would want to be sene pushing a baby kerridge along the strete in the daytime? speshully a man.

Dokters speek in a funny languidge wich nobody understans exceptin their-selves. Pa says it is all bunkum wich it might be. Wich prooves there is always sumwan who nose best even if it is yure pa.

The last time I ate grene appuls they sent for a docktur who gave me sum littel brown pils and he said they would akt suddinly—which they did.

We managed to save the "small boy" anyhow!



The censor, with his foul, black stamp
Put in this cartoon an awful cramp
The "small boy" remains, but then
you see

We lost our Doctor Satterly.

QUIS?

At each suspicious word he'll seize
By wondrous inspiration,
And rattle off with perfect ease
Its Latin derivation.

And then he slips to you a line
On how to treat a fracture,
And puts you wise to all the fine
Arthritic Architecture.

The way he puts you right on points,
Re things like ulceration,
Infection, shock, and wounds of joints,
Is just a revelation.

He never calls you up and down
In case you make an error,
You never see him rave or frown z
And strike you dumb with turn.

His sense of humour's rich and fine,
He knows full many a story,
I like to hear this teacher mine
Quote many a legend hoary.

I like to hear him talk about
Old Juvenal's satire,
And how his students always shout
"The cupboard," when they tire.

He laughs with such contagious glee
You can't escape infection,
And if the joke you do not see—
You laugh by reflex action.

He tells you with an easy grace
Von Bergmann's scrap with Lister,
How sepsis shewed in every case
With the Berliner Mister.

And when he'd say a word or two
About the famous Caesar;
What Boadicea tried to do
When Caesar went to seize 'er

He likes to take a few odd cracks
At "Specialists in corns"
And say its largely due to quacks
That corns grow into horns.

He is a surgeon true and great
More—he's a lofty man
A man whom we should emulate
As best as e'er we can.

—Asterion.

JEAN BAPTISTE TRUDEAU
VISITS HIS PHYSICIAN

Las' week, on Tuesday, I feel ver' sick wit my stummick so I get up from my sleep and go for to see ze doctor.

I go up to his house and ring ze bell and ze door she is open and I see, oh, so beutiful young *fille* all fix up with black dress and white cap. She look so much like ze angel I t'ink I lak many time to be sick and to visit my doctor.

She show me in a room who is fill wit' many peoples which is sick wimmins like myself.

Bymebye ze doctor he come to ze door of ze room and he say, "Ah, Mr. Trudeau, I see you ver' soon." And I say, "I tink you sees me now, doctor." But he is ver' stuped man, my doctor, and cannot *comprend* my jokes.

In much *temps* he come again and say "Mr. Trudeau, zis way please."

And I get up and my stummick she is so sore I keep bended down all ze time I walk.

Ze doctor he tell me to sit down please, which I do with much tanks.

Then he tak' his pen and some *papier* and he ask me how old, where am I born, and so on, and I say I was come sick in my stummick and not to be foolish and write ze story of my life.

Then he tell me to undress and when my cloths she is off he knock me on the chest many time and I say doctor, and he say yes, and I say it is my stummick is sorer not my chest. And he say ver' good, so he stick some pipes in his ear and put a cold piece of iron on my chest and tell me to stop breathing which I done till I near burst-ed. Then I breath out ver' quick and he get ver' mad and say he was not wanting a shower bath so soon *après diner*. An' I say doctor I am near *mort* with my stummick, and he say ver' good, and tak' my ear and give him a good prick, then he go away and leave me for ten *minuit* and come back and look ver' wise and take from a bot-

tle six pills, whom he say to take one each night before I go to sleep if required and five dollars please.

And I say doctor my stummick and he say five dollars please, and I say for what, and he say for examination-ing and *medecin*, and I say much thank you for your cheapness doctor.

The nextest time my stummick she is sick I go to the drug store the man there he don't ask me such bad question and he don't charge me so much. *Voila!*

* * *

A FREUDIAN FANTASY

—in—

vers libre

Last night I

ATE

Dill pickles, creamed lobster and MINCE pie,

And consequently I DREAMED as follows:

"A big blue elephant in PINK Tights was

Walking the TIGHT rope
Stretched across from the
MAIN BUILDING to the
SCHOOL of SCIENCE with
ME hanging to its
Tail.

On reaching the middle a
BALD-headed monkey carrying a
PLUCKED goose
Hurled it at me and
Struck the elephant,
Precipitating us both into . . ."

Then I awoke

And I

Interpreted the DREAM as a
SUPPRESSED WISH

That I had

NOT

Eaten the

Dill-pickles, creamed lobster and MINCE-pie.

Translated by A. Grill.

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